THE EMERALD.

(NEW ESTABLISHMENT.)

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ORIGINAL.

THE WANDERER.

No 129.

(Continued from page 518.*)*

Mr. Wanderer,

NEXT day I made Eugenio a second visit for the purpose of paying a more minute attention to his gallery than I had been enabled to do, when I first beheld it. Confounded by a multiplicity of subjects, the mind cannot appreciate with tolerable accuracy the character of an individual portrait; but is contented with the pleasures which a general view and a transient perusal are capable of producing.—I found him contemplating the face of an old man in one corner of the apartment on which his attention was so strongly fixed that he did not at first perceive my approach. I accosted him as usual. "My dear sir," said he, "I was engaged in examining the countenance of one of the most singular men which has ever been produced in this place. You observe the lines of intense thought which characterize that brow, and the cynical expression of the mouth, which at the same time conveys a conscious reliance on the stability of his own intellect. That man, sir, had a disposition and mind so originally contrived, that his conduct and opinions while they occasioned the surprise, commanded the respect of all who knew him. He was by profession a lawyer, and though distinguished for accuracy in legal information beyond any member of the bar, and though he might have been constantly employed as counsellor, his whims or eccentricities either affronted his old clients or prevented the application of new ones, and he was therefore generally immersed in voluntary poverty. He despised money; and all men, but men of talents. He was an atheist, at least as much an atheist, as it is possible to conceive a man to be. You observe the painter has drawn him at the time of his decease. He has extinguished a candle, and is contemplating its just expiring snuff, with complacent attention. He considered this action the triumph of his opinions, which the grave could not shake, nor pain undermine. "Like the snuff of this candle," said he, "I am now expiring, but like it, I can never be relumined." He decided on every question with peremptory haughtiness, perhaps relying on a presumptive infallibility of his own ideas; like many men of eminence at the present day, whose doctrines uttered in insurance and printing offices are blazoned abroad as the sayings of oracular wisdom, but which more closely viewed are only the catch words of a party, and are seldom based upon the experience of ages, or justified by the general consent of the learned or the eminent.—

Those men, sir, are fond of parleying in public places among a set of ignorant unlettered politicians who think that length of years is the road to knowledge, and that age may assume the crown of infallibility. We are very often stopped in a political conversation, with the contrary opinion of Mr. A. or Mr. B. expressed in such a place, as if there were a sort of magic influence in their decisions, that has power to dispel the truth of demonstration.

But to return to our subject. This man inspired with awe almost every one who approached him, from the violence of his manner and the decided superiority of his mind, to those of his contemporary barristers. His eye, in the picture before us, so dim with disease, once flashed a fire which withered the opposition and commanded the reverence of controversy. It was natural however, that so singular a character should not receive the approbation he did not court, that of popular favour; and that his total disrespect of religious institutions, should subject him to the censure of the orderly and well disposed members of the community. He therefore lived a kind of solitary life: respected for his talents, talked of for his singularities and his eccentricities; but hated for his infidelity and avoided for his arrogance and authoritative pride.—Thus, sir, we perceive that the union of certain moral qualities, like those of natural powers may produce the most singular results—The virtues and ability which centered in this great man's character, would by a popular use of them have rendered him the idol of his fellow townsmen; but the acid of his disposition and manners so entirely changed the composition of his character, that he was only known to a few eminent literary gentlemen, who adorned the same age, of this country."

Eugenio was either so engrossed with the character of this portrait that he omitted to mention the name of the original; or expected by the accuracy of his outline to produce such an impression on me, that if I had ever been acquainted with the name of such a being as he had painted, I should naturally mention it myself. I did not, however; but when he had finished his account, I wished to know who, as well as what the portrait represented. "His name, sir, was James Strange, Esq: about whom you must surely have been informed; for to common minds his contempt of money alone is the most remarkable trait in the human character; and this circumstance has been often repeated to his prejudice. It is to such people astonishing that a man who by industry in his profession, might have become an exceedingly rich, as from his talents he was acknowledged to have been a great man, should not at his death have left property enough to pay the expenses of his funeral."

I was struck with the beauty of a painting which was placed next to that of Mr. Strange; it was a young man, with one hand touching his cheek, his head rather reclining on it; a book placed on a table before him was just not shut, one of his fingers being between the leaves; and the whole figure in a reclining attitude. The face was beautiful, but without character, and the dress exhibited the very excess of coxcombry. I say I was so struck with the art of the painter, as to enquire about the subject. "Oh sir," said Eugenio, smiling, "that is young Charles Essence, who has lately left America to go

on his travels as it is denominated, he sailed for France upwards of a year ago, and being a distant relation of my family, requested me to take his picture for safe keeping until his return. This young man with a very good fortune and the best disposition in the world, renders himself completely ridiculous by constant ebullitions of foolish vivacity and affectation of sense. I know not whether the incidents he may meet abroad will improve him, they can hardly render him more silly. The general effect of travel upon our young men is to render them more pert than ever, and though they have seen the ruins of Rome, they never reflect on the former glory of that nation, nor the occasion of its downfal. These young sparks go to see the tower of London, Kemble the performer, Hyde Park, Vauxhall, &c. and think that they have seen all that England can afford. In France there is more amusement to attract; but confining their enquiries to pleasure rather than instruction, the knowledge they imbibe is nugatory or prejudicial. However I hope young Essence will return safe to his family no worse than he left it, and I will gladly relinquish his picture."

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE.

ROBERT ORME.

MR. ROBERT ORME was born at Anjengo, in the Travancore country, on the 25th of December, 1728, and was sent over to England for education at two years of age. His father, a physician on the Company's establishment, consigned this son to an aunt of the name of Adams, who resided in Cavendish-square, London. There he received the elements of education, and was put at six years of age to Harrow-school. In 1742 he returned to Calcutta, where he was placed in the house of Jackson and Wedderburn, in order to be qualified for commercial pursuits. A writership had been obtained for him in England; and at the end of five years, as is the usual routine, he became a factor. His attention to commerce was assiduous and profitable; he made a voyage round the Peninsula to Surat; he penetrated into the interior to make purchases. His intelligence became so conspicuous that in 1752 he was consulted about the reform of the police of Calcutta, and suggested a separation of the powers hitherto confided to a single Jamadar. He drew up at this period a general idea of the government and people of Hindostan, now first published entire: it was corrected and completed on board the Pelham, in which vessel he went, in 1753, to Europe.

Lord Holdernesse was at that time a secretary of state: he consulted with Mr. Orme, and corresponded with him: he attended minutely to his advice, and began a negotiation with the French ministers for the purpose of thwarting the ambitious projects of M. Dupleix in India. The wise suggestions of Mr. Orme occasioned the adoption of a train of measures, which lord Clive was appointed to conduct, and which terminated so advantageously for the British interests. Mr. Orme went on a confidential mission back to Hindostan, in 1754, and sailed on his return for Europe in 1758. Unfortunately the Grantham, in which he embarked, was taken by the French, and carried to Mauritius; thence he got to Nantes in the spring of

1760 ; he passed some months agreeably in the French metropolis, and came to London the following October. A new house was purchased for him in Harley-street : he arranged there his valuable library, and began to compose the History of the Military Transactions of the British Nation in Hindostan. He had collected for this purpose, while in the East, the requisite documents. The first volume was published in August, 1763 : in the Annual Register for the following year it was thus reviewed or caracterized, as is supposed, by Mr. Burke.

" The manners and characters of the various people who inhabit the great empire of Indostan, the peculiarities of their religion and their policy, and the astonishing events which have lately happened in that part of the world, have rendered the history of the wars in India an object of general curiosity. The great interest we have still in that empire, always as a trading, lately as a conquering people, will make a proper narration of our former proceedings there a matter of the most useful instruction. The author of this work has gratified this curiosity, and communicated this instruction. No historian seems to have been more perfectly informed of the subject on which he has undertaken to write ; and very few have possessed more fully the talent of impressing it, in the clearest and most vivid manner, on the imagination and understanding of his reader. In this work the events are fully prepared ; the characters strongly delineated ; and the situations well described. It is no uncommon thing to find in ordinary writers more of the confusion, than of the life and spirit of the fight, in their descriptions of an engagement. But nothing can be more clear and satisfactory than the whole detail of military transactions which we find in this contest. Whether the march or the retreat, the attack or the defence, the encampment or the battle, every thing is drawn with accuracy and precision, in great detail, but without any thing tedious. In these particulars, Polybius will be scarcely thought to exceed him.

" It must be observed likewise to his honour, that there reigns through the whole work an air of disinterestedness, and of freedom from all passion and prejudice public or private. The Frenchman who acts gallantly or wisely finds as much justice done to his actions and his conduct, as any of the author's countrymen. The same impartiality seems to have been observed with regard to all persons connections. This volume does not carry the war further than 1755."

Mr. Orme was elected a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries in March 1770 ; and was soon after appointed historiographer to the India Company, with a salary of four hundred pounds yearly. He visited France a second time in the spring of 1773, and was introduced to general Bussy ; who expressed his satisfaction at the justice done by Mr. Orme to the French officers, invited him to his villa, and communicated some maps and other corrective documents, of which Mr. Orme availed himself in the second edition of his book, which appeared in the following summer. Two years later, in 1775, an appendix containing several notes and an index, was issued in addition to the first volume : the second volume was published in October 1778. In 1785 a third edition became re-

quisite, and Mr. Orme undertook to prepare notes and an index to the second volume similar to those which had been annexed to the first; but the declining state of his health interrupted the progress of his toil.

In 1782 Mr. Orme gave to the press Historical Fragments of the Mogul Empire, of the Morattoes, and of the English Concerns in Hindostan, from the year 1659. This laborious work had been in preparation long; it was intended to assume a completer form; but a marked decay of vigour and a disinclination for study occasioned an abandonment of the pursuit of higher perfection.

Mr. Orme's debility was of that kind which British constitutions often incur from the effects of the climate of Hindostan; it did not unfit him for lively participation in the pleasures of society, or in the incidents of publick affairs. He possessed and indulged the accomplishments of the luxurious world. He listened frequently to music; he visited and criticized the exhibitions of painters and the galleries of art; he prized the pleasures of the table, and the conversations of the literate; he composed verses, his address to the moon and the accompanying melody still remain engraven in our song-books. He exchanged the atmosphere of London for that of Ealing in 1792, and only came to Harley-street during a month or two of the winter; he sold the city-house in 1796. At Ealing he died, in January 1801, in the seventy-third year of his age; and bequeathed to the India Company those parts of his library, chiefly manuscript, which related to the history, the literature, and the affairs, of the East. Anquetil du Perron, who was a judge both of the oriental and of the European acquirements and information of Mr. Orme, characterizes him as *eruditissimus et veritatis amantissimus Indiæ historiographus*. (See the Oup'nechat, vol. ii. p. 755).

The rank of Orme among our historians is not well ascertained or universally agreed: he is seldom mentioned as the rival, still less as the surpasser, of Robertson: yet we suspect that an impartial inquiry into the relative merits of these two writers would terminate in awarding preference to the native of Travancore.

Gibbon is the greatest of our historians: for appropriate learning and research; for judgment and sagacity in the conciliation of testimony, and in the approbation of character; for force of thought and stateliness of diction; he is alike admirable; the fault of his matter is the disproportion of the parts, of his style to narrate in abstractions.

The second rank must be conceded to Hume. The author of a dissertation on the literary history of Scotland, prefixed to some recent lives of the Scottish press, has thought fit (p. 167) to attempt the degradation of Hume below Robertson, with a zeal more honourable to his christian than to his critical orthodoxy. Of Robertson's high merit we are amply convinced; his best history however is that of Charles V.; great part of the work respects the affairs of the Germans; yet he does not appear to have consulted a single one of their native vernacular writers on the subject of these affairs. He is deficient therefore in the first quality of an historian, *research*. In Thucydides, in Tacitus, in Machiavelli, one admires a strength of mind, an energy of intellect, a thinking force, which sometimes reveals itself in their

burning words, sometimes in the sharpness of their personal characterizations, sometimes in the depth of their moral and political inferences and reflections. But who can find up in his common-place book a single striking maxim extracted from the writings of Robertson? In what are our statesmen the wiser for his narration? By the facts alone. He is deficient then in a second desirable quality of the historian, which might not unaptly be termed *thoughtfulness*.

Hume also wants research. The History of the House of Tudor was his first and his best historic effort; that of the House of Stuart is partial, and not sifted; his Ancient History of England is notoriously inferior to that of Milton. But Hume displays the thinker, exercises the philosopher, and instructs the statesman. Robertson's whole knowledge seems confined to his topic; Hume's to embrace every other: yet Hume is then most excellent, when he draws not from without, but from within. The style of Robertson is plain, not always clear, though often picturesque. The style of Hume is tame, but beautiful; it is far superior for purity, euphony, precision, and selection of ornament, to that of Addison, whom he imitated: it is the transparent garb of ideas shapen with the chisel of a master.

Without the strength of mind or the classical learning of Gibbon and of Hume, Mr. Orme excels the former in the proportion and disposition of his matter, and the latter in inquiry and fidelity. His preliminary dissertation has been compared and preferred to the introductory book of Thucydides; to whom he is only inferior in not decorating his speeches and narrations with the inferences of a sententious wisdom. Orme is a more instructive historian than Robertson: practical men can rely on the one, not on the other. Compare the siege of Pondicherry at the close of the first book of Orme, with the siege of Metz in the eleventh book of Robertson: a military man will better know how to invest Pondicherry in future from Orme's account; but nobody can learn from Robertson how to defend or attack Metz. The use of history is to preserve the lessons of experience.

In the characterization of individuals, Orme draws his inferences from facts and observations, not from the balance of testimony; but Robertson leans wholly on the accident of testimony; and, sooner than miss an opportunity of drawing a parade character, he gives a fictitious importance to insignificant men. Thus for pope Marcellus II. he provides as pompous a panegyric, as if this old man had been elected for his efficacy, and not for his decrepitude. The character of Luther, again, is a mere repetition, and a very tedious one, of ecclesiastical puffs: his low buffoonery, and his insincere use of vulgar credulity, in asserting the apparition of the devil, and in professing to receive the Apocalypse after having denied its canonicity, when he found it could be employed as a tool against the church of Rome, are suppressed, not dishonestly, by Robertson, but from ignorance of facts, which he seldom looked for at the source. How superior is Orme's character af Dupleix, (book v. year 1754) where the grounds of every panegyric are recorded, and the most exemplary and exquisite justice is shewn to an enemy! Orme is superior to national prejudice; Robertson, imbued even with sectarian. Orme contents

mself with noticing what is pecu-
ar; Robertson prolongs his de-
neation with scholastic phrases, of
niversal applicability. Orme
aints from nature—Robertson
om books; Orme with the pre-
sion of portrature—Robertson
ith the vague distortion of the
hetorician. Orme has too great a
rowd—Robertson too thin a
roup of agents. Orme owes our
eglect to the strangeness of his
erson ages—Robertson our favour
o the celebrity of his. Orme is
rowing on our interest with the
mpire whose origins he sketched
—Robertson is fading on our inter-
st with the dissolution of the reli-
ious and political parties which
e described, but did not dare to
riticise. Orme has the raciness,
nd foliage, and verdure, of living
istory, sprung up among the men,
nd on the spot—Robertson the sear
ivested stateliness of the monu-
ental trophy.

ualis frugifero quercus sublimis in agro
xuvias veteres populi, sacrataque gestans
ena ducum: nec jam validis radicibus
hærens,
ondere fixa suo est, nudosque per æra
ramos
ffundens, trunco, non frondibus, efficit
umbram.

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

MAGNANIMITY OF DEAN SWIFT.

In the year 1724, Swift's patriot-
m burst forth with great vehem-
nce, in his opposing the currency
f Wood's half pence. A full levee
as held at the castle in Dublin, the
ay following that on which a pro-
lamation had been issued against
he Draper. The lord-lieutenant
as going round the circle, when
Dean Swift abruptly entered the chamber, and, pushing through the crowd, never stopped till he arrived within the circle. With marks of the highest indignation in his countenance, and in a voice which echoed through the room, he addressed the lord-lieutenant as follows: "So, my lord-lieutenant, this is a glorious exploit that you performed yesterday, in issuing a proclamation against a poor shopkeeper, whose only crime is an honest endeavour to save his country from ruin. You have given a noble specimen of what this devoted nation has to expect from your government. I suppose you think that a statue of copper will be erected to you for the service thus rendered to Wood." He then for some time continued to inveigh in the bitterest terms against the patent, and displayed in the strongest colours the fatal consequences of introducing that execrable coin. The whole assembly were struck dumb with wonder at this unprecedented scene. In the presence of this man of virtue, the titled slaves and vassals of power felt and shrunk into their own insignificancy. Swift stood supereminent among them, like his own Gulliver amidst a circle of Liliputians. For some time, a profound silence ensued; but at length, Lord Carteret, who had listened with great composure to the whole speech, replied in the following quotation from Virgil:

Res duræ, et regni novitas, me talia cogunt
Moliri.
Hard fortune, and the newness of my reign, compel me to such measures.

The beauty of this quotation restored good humour to the whole assembly, and the levee broke up, some highly extolling the magnanimity of Swift, and all admiring the ingenuity of the lord-lieutenant's answer.

Repartee.—A lady, who not long since visited Harrowgate Spring, expatiating on the superior efficacy of the Ballston Spa, in order to substantiate her position, added—"the *dollars* are all left at Ballston." "Yes madam," very gravely replied Mr. Cowley, the keeper of Harrowgate, "the *healthy* leave their *dollars* at Ballston, and the *lame* leave their *crutches* at Harrowgate."

Envy deserves pity more than anger, for it hurts nobody so much as itself. It is a distemper rather than a vice; for nobody would feel envy if he could help it. Whoever envies another secretly, allows that person's superiority.

THE PRETENDER AND A POOR GENTLEMAN.

A poor gentleman, who had taken no part in rebellion, but whose humanity had led him to relieve the necessities of Charles, being apprehended before a court of justice was asked how he dared to assist the king's greatest enemy, and why, having always appeared to be a loyal subject, he did not deliver up the pretender, and claim the reward of thirty-thousand pounds offered by government for his person? "I only gave him," replied the prisoner, "what nature seemed to require—a night's lodging, and a humble repast. And who among my judges, though poor as I am, would have sought to acquire riches, by violating the rights of hospitality, in order to earn the price of blood?" The court was filled with confusion and amazement at the simple eloquence of this untutored orator; the suit was dismissed, and the prisoner set free. So much stronger an impression does fellow-feeling and a sence of natural equity make on the human breast, than the dictates of political law, thoug enforced by the greatest reward or the severest punishment.

DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

Dr. Young was remarkable fo his intimate acquaintance with th Greek authors, and had as grea a veneration for Æschylus, as par son Adams in Joseph Andrew Indeed, it is said, that he was th gentleman from whom Fieldin derived the idea of parson Adam and whose character he so well de lineates. Dr. Young was chap lain to a regiment which served i the war in Flanders. One fine sum mer's evening, he indulged himse in his love of a solitary walk Whatever was the object of th doctor's meditations, whether th beauties of the hemisphere and th surrounding landscape engage his attention, or some passage i his favourite Æschylus occurred t his memory, certain it is, that h was so absorbed in thought th he proceeded in his walk till he un consciously arrived in the enemy camp. The repitition of *qui va* from the soldiers with difficult brought him to a recollection of him self. The officer who commande finding the doctor had strayed thith er in the undesigning simplicity his heart, and perceiving in his pri oner an innate goodness which com manded his respect, very politel allowed him to depart, and to pu sue his contemplations back again

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Suworoff's remedy against infectio incidental to a soldier's life.

Whenever he approached men l bouring under infectious disorder or was kept by his military du too near the pestilential effluv arising from dead bodies, which w often the case during his cam paigns in the Crimea; he alway

instantly on leaving the spot, bathed all over in the sea; and when not near the sea, he made a bath of strong salt and water, and plunged into that. This practice never failed removing all the symptoms of infection, such as faintness, sickness, &c.

CATHARINE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

It was the error of Catharine, and it has ever been the error of all despots, to think that every thing is to be accomplished by their almighty fiat. The great autocratrix had been informed by the printed work of an Englishman, that her subjects had discovered new dominions for her of which she knew nothing, scientific voyages were become fashionable, and she too would send out on an expidition of discovery. But Catharine had mistaken her element. Soldiers may be made by law, but sailors cannot. With the bayonet she could drive her boors upon the bayonet, and conquer by the weight of numbers and mere physical force, but neither her decrees nor her knouts, nor even her honorary titles could never make a navigator. To set up a captain Cook was like her own imitation of Shakespeare. It is easier to destroy than to create. This unhappy woman (for what other epithet can be applied to the *dead* Catharine?) could desolate, but she could not people; she could blast the freedom and the intellectual advancement of Poland, but she could not thaw the icy ignorance of Russia. The luxuries of London and the vices of Paris might be transplanted to Petersburg, and would thrive there, but science is not to be so procured. Fruit may be forced in the hothouse, but they who would rear oaks must be content to plant acorns.

OOO

DESCRIPTION OF THE LIME, OR LINDEN.

The lime or linden is one of the beauties among trees, and is rather cultivated on that account than for its utility. It grows straight and taper, with a smooth erect trunk, and a fine spreading head inclined to a conical form. Its leaf is large, and its bark smooth. In a good soil it arrives to a great height and size, and becomes a stately object. But it is seldom viewed single, and its chief glory arises from society. No tree is so much employed for avenues, and for bordering streets and roads. Some of the straight walks of ancient limes, which modern taste has hitherto spared, are beautiful specimens of the pointed arch made by the intersection of branches, which has been supposed to be imitated in the Gothic architecture of cathedrals. In viewing one of these noble works of nature disciplined by art, who will not exclaim with Cowper,

Ye fallen avenues! once more I mourn
Your fate unmerited, once more rejoice
That yet a remnant of your race survives.
How airy and how light the graceful arch,
Yet awful as the consecrated roof
Re-echoing pious anthems! while beneath
The chequered earth seems restless as a flood
Brushed by the wind.

TASK. B. I.

The lime comes early into leaf, and its verdure is one of the first harbingers of spring beheld in great towns, where it often decorates the squares and public walks. Its flowers are highly fragrant, and are very attractive to the bees, which gather much honey from them. An infusion of them is said to make a pleasent tea. The sap of the tree contains sugar. Lime wood is soft and light, and therefore only fit for uses requiring little strength. It is used by shoemakers and leather-

cutters to cut leather upon, as not being liable to turn the edge of their knives. The closeness of its grain, joined with softness, and the property of not being readily attacked by the worms, has caused it to be chosen by carvers for the rich ornamental work with which churches and palaces were formerly decorated. Mr. Evelyn mentions it as the material employed by the celebrated artist Gibbon for his beautiful festoons and other sculptures. It makes good charcoal for designers. Its inner bark, soaked in water, yields a fibrous matter fit for ropes and fishing nets. The Russia mats, and the bark shoes of peasants, are made of this material.

THE ISLAND OF INNOCENCE.

BY PETER PINDAR.

The name of Peter Pindar generally rouses the attention to wit and humour; but the following extract from his poem, the Island of Innocence, proves him, if proof were needed, to be abundantly capable of writing with feeling, and chastening those images of his fancy.

"The Island of Innocence is addressed to a gentleman whom the author of this poem met by the merest accident, on a small island situated near the Gulph of Mexico. His companions were his wife, a most lovely woman, and four beautiful children, whose history would form an interesting romance: persecuted by their parents for a mutual love attachment, they forsook their native country, (America) to seek some distant asylum. On their voyage they were wrecked; but fortunately escaped with their lives, and preserved their property. Finding the little island on which they were thrown, to be in possession of a few inhabitants of the most perfect simplicity of manners, and the most lively friendship, pleased also with the salubrity, as well as the beauty and fertility of the spot, they adopted the resolution of passing their days in this remote corner of the globe; convinced that the most perfect happiness resides oftener in simplicity than splendour. Their opinion soon became realized: fond of the innocent natives, and equally beloved again, the delightful little republic flourished under their auspices, and restored the golden age.

To thee my FRIEND, amid that peaceful ISLE
Where bounteous NATURE blooms with sweetest smile;
Where never WINTER, or his northern blast,
Howls on the hill, and lays the valley waste,
O'er a pale sun the cloud of horror throws
And buries NATURE in his vast of snows;
Ah, no! where endless SUMMER, ever gay,
Opes a pure ether to the ORB of day;
That gilds the tree and flower, and grassy blade,
And works his threads of gold in every glade;
To THEE, my FRIEND, where shrubs of incense rise,
And pour their greatful fragrance to the skies;
Where rills, in wanton mazes, wind away,
Diffusing health and plenty, as they play;
Where the rich treasures of the pine reside,
And orange-branches bend with golden pride;
Where from the boughs of odour mingled notes
Of rapture warble from a thousand throats;
And blest, from vale to vale the cooing dove
Wings with his mate, and teaches man to love;
To THEE, I yield the MUSE'S artless line,
And envy all the blessings that are thine.

KING WILLIAM.

THE courage, activity, and presence of mind of this monarch at the battle of the Boyne, in July

1690, were extremely conspicuous during the whole of the engagement, in the course of which he repeatedly charged the enemy sword in hand. An English soldier, in the heat of the battle, pointing his piece at the king, he turned it aside without emotion, saying only, "Do you not know your friends?" The day was far advanced, when the Irish at length began to retire on all sides; and General Hamilton, who commanded the horse, making a furious charge, in the desperate hope of retrieving the battle, was wounded and taken prisoner. On being brought into the presence of the King, who knew him to be the life and soul of the Irish army, William asked him, "If he thought the enemy would make any farther resistance? to which Hamilton replied, "Upon my *honour* I believe they will." The king eying him with a look of disdain, repeated, "your HONOUR!" but took no other notice of his treachery.

DRYDEN AND TONSON.

When Dryden had finished his translation of Virgil, after some deliberation with himself, he sent the M. S. to Jacob Tonson, requiring for it a certain sum, which he mentioned in a note. Tonson was desirous of possessing the work, but meanly wished to avail himself of Dryden's necessities, which, at that time, were particularly urgent. He, therefore, informed Dryden, that he could not afford to give so much for it as he demanded. In answer to this, Dryden sent the three following lines to Tonson, whom they were meant to describe:

With leering look, bull-fac'd, and freckled fair,
With two left legs, with Judas'-colour'd hair,
And frowzy pores that taint the ambient air

When they were delivered to Tonson, he asked if Mr. Dryden had said any thing more. Yes, sir, answered the bearer, he said, 'Tell the dog, that he who wrote these lines will write more like them.' Tonson immediately paid the money which Dryden had at first demanded for his Virgil.

INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

Shortly will be published, by Campbell and Mitchell, New York, Manœuvres of Horse Artillery, by General Kosciusco. Written at Paris in the year 1800, at the request of General William R. Davie, then Envoy from the United States to France. Translated, with notes and descriptive plates, by Jonathan Williams, Col. Comdt. of the Corps of Engineers, and President of the U.S. Military Philosophical Society.

E. Sargent, New York, has in the press, and will shortly publish, a new Novel, entitled 'The Wild Irish Boy," by the author of "Fatal Revenge."

The Foundling of Belgrade, is just published by D. Longworth, New York, price one dollar.

Now publishing in New York, price to subscribers, two dollars, bound, The Great Line of History, from the earliest times to the present day, with a general view of the present state of the world; with respect to civilization, religion and government, and a brief dissertation on the importance of historical knowledge. By Samuel Whelpley, A. M. principal of the Morris Academy, N. J.

This work will be published on good paper and a fair type, in octavo form.

NOTICE.

A pamphlet has been printed in this town, entitled "*Review of Hints to the Public, on the nature and effect of evangelical preaching. By a Barrister.*" So far as this Review is calculated to resist "the exertions that have been made to imbue the public mind with sentiments opposite to the faith once delivered to the saints," it deserves the warmest encouragement.

POETRY.

THE TEA-SPOON.

Occasioned by Dr. Hill's *prescribing a Tea-spoon-full of every Medicine to every Patient.*

Happy tea spoon, which can hit
Dr. Hill's unequall'd wit!
Patients young and patients old,
Patients hot and patients cold,
Patients tender, patients tough,
A tea-spoon-full is just enough.

If with tea you shake your frame,
Or with crams your head inflame,
Or with beef your paunch o'erstuff,
A tea-spoon-full is just enough.

If in court, with brief in hand,
Or at bar you trembling stand,
Take the dose, fear no rebuff,
A tea-spoon-full is just enough.

What is stranger still than all,
Be the tea-spoon large or small,
Be it battered, broken, rough,
Still a tea-spoon's just enough.

Order drops ye medic dunces,
Order scruples, drachms, and ounces,
Hill asserts, and stands it bluff,
That a tea-spoon's just enough.

Happy tea-spoon, thus so hit
Dr. Hill's unequall'd wit!

REMONSTRANCE TO WINTER.

Ah! why, unfeeling Winter, why
Still flags thy torpid wing?
Fly, melancholy season, fly—
And yield the year to spring.

Spring,—the young cherubim of love,
An exile in disgrace,—
Flits o'er the scene, like Noah's dove,
Nor finds a resting place.

When on the mountain's azure peak,
Alights her fairy form,
Cold blows the winds,—and dark and bleak,
Around her rolls the storm.

If to the valley she repair,
For shelter and defence,
Thy wrath pursues the mourner there,
And drives her, weeping, thence.

She seeks the brook—the faithless brook,
Of her unmindful grown,
Feels the chill magic of thy look,
And lingers into stone.

She woos her embryo flowers, in vain,
To rear their infant heads;
Deaf to her voice, her flowers remain
Enchanted in their beds.

In vain she bids the trees expand
Their green, luxuriant charms;
Bare in the wilderness they stand,
And stretch their withering arms.

Her favourite birds, in feeble notes,
Lament thy long delay;
And strain their little stammering throats,
To charm thy rage away.

Ah! why, usurping Winter, why
Still flags thy frozen wing?
Fly, unrelenting tyrant, fly—
And yield the year to Spring!

TO SENSIBILITY.

Celestial spring to nature's favourite given,
Fed by the dews that bathe the flow'rs of heaven,
From the pure crystal of thy fountain flow
The tears that trickle o'er another's woe,
The silent drop that calms our own distress,
The gust of rapture at a friend's success:
Thine the soft show'rs down beauty's breast that steal
To soothe the heart-wounds they can never heal:
Thine too the tears of ecstacy that roll,
When Genius whispers to the list'ning soul;
And thine the hallow'd flood that drowns the eye
When pure religion lifts the thoughts on high.

DRAMATIC WONDER.

While Siddons one night was attracting each ear,
Some thought—an *Attorney* was seen shed a tear!
"Than which to prefer,"—cried a critic—"I'm loth,
"For it must have been *capital acting* in both."

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